Elder Brother

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the Black Friars, by his Majesties Servants.

Printed according to the true Copie.

Written by John Fletcher Gent.

LONDON,
Imprinted by *F. K.* for *J. W.* and *J. B.*
1637.

The Speakers of the Play.

LEWIS, *a Lord.*
MIRAMONT, a *Gentleman.*
BRISAC, *a Justice, brother to* Miramont.
CHARLES, *a Scholar,* } *Sons to* Brisac.
EUSTACE, *a Courtier,* }
EGREMONT, } *two Courtiers,* } *Friends to* Eustace.
COWSY, }
ANDREW, *Servant to* Charles.
COOKE } *Servants to* Brisac.
BUTLER, }
PRIEST,
NOTARY.
SERVANTS.
OFFICERS.

ANGELLINA, *Daughter to* Lewis,
SYLVIA, *Her VVoman.*
LILLY, *Wife to* Andrew.
LADIES.

Lectori.

VVould'st thou all wit, all Comick art survay?
Read here and wonder; FLETCHER *writ the Play.*

Prologue.

BUt that it would take from our modeſty
To praiſe the Writer, or the Comedie,
Till you faire ſuffrage crowne it, I ſhould ſay,
Y'eare all moſt welcome to no vulgar play;
And ſo far we are confident; And if he
That made it ſtill lives in your memory,
You will expect what we preſent to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your eares andſight.
You ſhall heare *Fletcher* in it; his true ſtrain
And neat expreſſions; living he did gain
Your good opinions; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of noble friends:
And may it raiſe in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And ſhall to after-times preſerve his name.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

A Comedie.

Actus I. *Scena* I.

LEWIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA.

NAy, I muſt walk you farther. *Ang.* I am tyr'd Sir,
And nere ſhal foot it home. *L.* 'Tis for your health;
The want of exerciſe takes from your beauties,
And ſloath dries up your ſweetneſs: That you are
My onely Daughter and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulneſs muſt needs acknowledge,
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,
And open-handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deſerve
Theſe favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cheriſh thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee, ſhall confirm:
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from
The practiſe of an idle fooliſh ſtate
Us'd by great Women, who think any labour
(Though in the ſervice of themſelves) a blemiſh.

To their faire fortunes. *Ang.* Make me underſtand Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the cuſtome how
Virgins of wealthy families, waſte their youth;
After a long ſleep, when you wake, your woman
Preſents your breakfaſt, then you ſleep again,
Then riſe, and being trimm'd up by others hands,
Y'are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To Cards or to your Conch (as if you were
Born without motion) After this to Supper,
And then to bed; And ſo your life runnes round
Without variety or action Daughter.
Syl. Here's a learned Lecture! *Lew.* From this idleneſſe
Diſeaſes both in body and in minde
Grow ſtrong upon you; where a ſtirring nature
With wholeſome exerciſe guards both from danger:
I'de have thee riſe with the Sunne, walke, dance or hunt,
Viſite the groves and ſprings, and learne the vertue
Of Plants and Simples: Doe this moderately,
And thou ſhalt not with eating chalke, or coales,
Leather and oatmeale, and ſuch other traſh,
Fall into the greene ſickneſſe. *Syl.* With your pardon
(Were you but pleas'd to miniſter it) I could
Preſcribe a remedy for my Ladies health,
And her delight too, farre tranſcending thoſe
Your Lordſhip but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?
Syl. what i'ſt? A noble Husband; In that word, a
Noble Husband, all content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; He will rowſe her,
As you ſay, with the Sunne, and ſo pipe to her,
As ſhe will dance, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occaſion, untill both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were ſuperfluous; A loving,
And but adde to it a gameſome Bedfellow,
Being the ſure Phyſician. *Lew.* Well ſaid Wench.

Ang. And

Ang. And who gave you Commiſſion to deliver
Your verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deſerve a fee,
And not a frown, deare Madam; I but ſpeak
Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modeſty
Refuſes to give voyce to; ſhew no mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteene, but off with't:
Let her loſe no time Sir; fathers that deny
Their Daughters lawfull pleaſure, when ripe for them,
In ſome kinds edge their appetites to taſt of
The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it; no more bluſhing Girle,
Thy woman hath ſpoke truth, and ſo prevented
What I meant to move to thee: There dwells neere us
A Gentleman of blood, Mounſieur *Briſac*,
Of a faire ſtate, ſixe thouſand Crowns *per annum*,
The happy Father of two hopefull Sons,
Of different breeding; Th'elder, a meere Scholar,
The younger, a quaint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them
By publique fame, though yet I never ſaw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various diſpoſitions, renders them
The general diſcourſe and argument;
One part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other ſide preferring *Euſtace*, as
A man compleat in Courtſhip. *Lew.* And which may
(If of theſe two you were to chuſe a husband)
Doth your affection ſway you? *Ang.* to be plaine, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldneſſe) as they are
Simply themſelves, to neither; Let a Courtier
Be never ſo exact, Let him be bleſt with
All parts that yeeld him to a Virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and ſtand not
On his owne bottomes, though he have the meanes
To bring his Miſtreſſe to a Maſque, or by
Conveyance from ſome great ones lips, to taſte

Such favour from the Kings: or grant he purchaſe,
Precedency in the Country, to be ſworne
A ſervant Extraordinary to the Queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reverſion; If
He Want a preſent fortune, at the beſt
Thoſe are but glorious dreames, and onely yeeld him
A happineſs in *poſſe*, not in *eſſe*;
Nor can they fetch him ſilkes from th' Mercer; nor
Diſcharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty
(Which ſtill preſerves a quiet bed at home)
Maintaine a family. *Lew.* Aptly conſider'd,
And to my wiſh; but what's thy cenſure of
The Schollar? *Ang.* Troth (if he be nothing elſe)
As of the Courtier; all his Songs, and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acroſticks, Epigrammes,
His deep and Philoſophical diſcourſe
Of natures hidden ſecrets, makes not up
A perfect husband; He can hardly borrow
The Starres of the Celeſtial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor *Charles* Waine for a Coach,
Nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gowne
From *Juno's* Wardrob, nor would I lye in
(For I deſpaire not once to be a mother)
Under heavens ſpangled Canopy, or banquet
My gueſts and Goſſips with imagin'd Nectar;
Pure *Orleans* would doe better; no, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A Courtier, and a Schollar, young, and valiant,
Theſe are but gawdy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a ſubſtance. *Lew.* And what is that?
Ang. A full eſtate, and that ſaid, I've ſaid all,
And get me ſuch a one with theſe additions,
Farewell Virginity, and welcome wedlock.
Lew. But where is ſuch one to be met with Daughter?

A black

A black Swan is more common, you may weare
Grey treſſes ere we find him. *Ang.* I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of theſe good parts, before Ile dwell
Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for without theſe
The others yeeld no reliſh, but theſe perfect;
You muſt bear with ſmall faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well; Ile to *Briſac*,
And try what may be done; ith' mean time, home,
And feaſt thy thoughts with th' pleaſures of a Bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food Sir, let her taſt them.

Actus I. *Scena* II.

ANDREW, COOKE, BUTLER.

Unload part of the Library, and make roome
For th' other dozen of Carts, Ile ſtraight be with you. (over.
Co. Why hath he more bookes? *And.* More than ten Marts ſend
But. And can he tell their names? *And.* their names? he has 'em
As perfect as his *pater noſter*, but that's nothing,
'Has red them over leaf by leaf three thouſand times;
But here's the wonder, though their weight would ſink
A Spaniſh Carrack, without other ballaſt,
He carryeth them all in his head, and yet
He walkes upright. *But.* Surely he has a ſtrong braine.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with bookes
Made of the barkes of trees, or myſteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellam, he would ſip thy Celler
Quite dry, and ſtill be thirſty; Then for's Diet,
He eats and digeſts more Volumes at a meal,
Than there would be Larkes (though the ſky ſhould fall)
Devowred in a moneth in *Paris*, yet feare not
Sons oth' buttry, and kitchin, though his learn'd ſtomack
Cannot b' appeas'd; Hee'll ſeldom trouble you,

His knowing ſtomack contemnes your black Jacks, *Butler*,
And your Flagons; and *Cook* thy boyl'd, thy roaſt, thy bak'd,
Co. How liveth he? *And.* Not as other men doe,
Few Princes fare like him; He breakes his faſt
With *Ariſtotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes
His watering with the Muſes, ſups with *Livie*,
Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,
And (after ſix houres conference with the ſtarres)
Sleepes with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.
And. I'le tell you more hereafter, here's my old Maſter
And another old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter BRISAC, LEWIS.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*? ſpeake *Andrew*,
Where didſt thou leave thy Maſter? *And.* Contemplating
The number of the ſands in the high way,
And from that, purpoſes to make a judgement
Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,
In ſerious ſtudy, and will loſe no minute,
Nor out of 's pace to knowledge. *Lew.* This is ſtrange,
And. Yet he hath ſent his duty Sir before him
In this fair manuſcript. *Bri.* What have we here?
Pot-hookes and Andirons! *And.* I much pitie you,
It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabicke,
Would'ee have it ſaid, ſo great and deep a Scholar
As Maſter *Charles* is, ſhould ask bleſſing
In any Chriſtian Language? Were it Greeke,
I could interpret for you, but indeed
I'm gone no farther. *Bri.* And in Greeke, you can
Lie with your ſmug wife *Lilly*. *And.* If I keepe her
From your French dialect, as I hope I ſhall Sir,
Howere ſhe is your Laundreſſe, ſhe ſhall put you
To th' charge of no more ſoape than uſuall
For th' waſhing of your ſheets. *Bri.* Take in the knave,
And let him eat. *And.* And drink too, Sir. *Bri.* And drink too Sir,
And ſee your Maſters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come

But. Come Doctor *Andrew* without Diſputation
Thou ſhalt commence ith' Celler. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat. *Co.* Thou ſhalt ha't, Boy, *Ex.*
Bri. Good Mounſieur *Lewis*, I eſteeme my ſelfe
Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne
Our ancient families, and make them one,
And 'twill take from my age and care to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd but in act,
Of which your viſite at this preſent is
A hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of meanes and education,
To ſhape them to that courſe each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly ſeldome proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrict peruſal of them,
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter
May faſhion her affection. *Lew.* Monſieur *Briſac*,
You offer fair, and nobly, and Ile meet you
In the ſame line of honour, and I hope,
Being bleſt but with one daughter, I ſhall not
Appeare impertinently curious,
Though with my utmoſt vigilance and ſtudy,
I labour to beſtow her to her worth;
Let others ſpeak her forme, and future fortune
From me deſcending to her; I in that
Sit down with ſilenc. *Bri.* You may my Lord ſecurely,
Since fame alowd proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to ſing her praiſes;
Should I ſay more, yon well might cenſure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horſes?

Enter Butler.

Sir my young Maſters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir now obſerve their ſeveral diſpoſitions,

Enter.

Enter CHARLES.

Bid my Subsiser carry my Hackney to buttry,
Aud give him his bever; it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately,
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his Universsity tone.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY.

Lackey, Take care our Coursers be well rubb'd,
And cloath'd, they have out stripp'd the wind in speed.
Lew. I marry Sir, there's metal in this young fellow!
VVhat a sheeps look his elder brother has!
Char. Your blessing, Sir? *Bri.* Rise *Charles*, thou hast it.
Eust Sir, though it be unusual in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bend my knee,
And do expect what followes. *Bri.* Courtly begg'd.
My blessing! take it. *Eust.* Your Lordships vow'd adorer: *to Lew.*
What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug —— How clownishly
The book-worme does return it! *Ch.* I'm glad y' are well; *reads.*
Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This paire of accomplish't Mounsieurs.
They are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.
Br. I embrace their love. *Egr.* which wee'l repay with servulating
Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.
Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first:
Eustace, give entertainment to you friends,
What's in my house is theirs *Eust.* Which wee'l make use of;
Let s warme our braines with half a dozen healths,
And then hang cold discourse, for wee'll speak fire-workes. *Exe.*
Lew. What at his book already? Bri. Fy, Fy, *Charles*,
No hour of interruption? *Cha. Plato* differs
From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by;
Let them agree at leasure. *Cha.* Mans life Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leades unto
The knowledg of our selves, so long and tedious,

Each

Each minute ſhonld be precious. *Bri.* In our care
To manage worldly buſineſs, you muſt part with
This bookiſh contemplation, and prepare
Your ſelf for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the blame of learning; you muſt ſtudy
To know what part of my land's good for th'plough,
And what for paſture; how to buy and ſell
To the beſt advantage; how to cure my Oxen
When they're oregrown with labour. *Cha.* I may do this
From what I've read Sir; for what concernes tillage?
Who better can deliver it than *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your herds,
His *Bucolicks* is a maſterpeece; but when
He does diſcribe the Commonwealth of Bees,
Their induſtry and knowledge of the herbs,
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,
Their goverment among themſelves, their order
In going forth and comming loaden home,
Their obedience to their King, and his rewards
To ſuch as labour, with his puniſhments
Onely inflicted on the ſlothful Drone,
I'm raviſhed with it, and there reap my harveſt,
And there receive the gaine my Cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your imagination; heyday heyday,
Georgicks, *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?
Cha. No Sir, the knowledge of theſe guards me from it.
Bri. But can you find among your bundle of bookes
(And put in all your Dictionaries that ſpeak all tongu's)
What pleaſure they enjoy, that do embrace
A well ſhap'd wealthy Bride? Anſwer me that.
Cha. Tis frequent Sir in ſtory, there I read of
All kinde of vertuous and vitious women;
The ancient Spartan *Dames*, and Roman Ladyes,

Their beauties and deformities, and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,
Crown'd with ſtill-flouriſhing leaves of truth and goodenſs,
With ſuch a feeling I peruſe their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely taſted
Their raviſhing ſweetneſs; at the preſent loving
The whole ſexe for their goodneſs and example.
But on the contrary when I looke on
A *Clytemneſtra*, or a *Tullia*;
The firſt bath'd in her husbands blood; The latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her Chariot ore her fathers breathleſs trunk,
Horrour invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few
That did dye Innocents, I deteſt, and loathe'm
As ignorance or Atheiſme. *Bri.* You reſolve then
Nere to make payment of the debt you owe me.
Cha. What debt, good Sir? *Bri.* A debt I payd my father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandfir,
VVhich I expect from you. *Cha.* The children Sir,
VVhich I will leave to all poſterity,
Begot and brought up by my painefull ſtudies,
Shall be my living iſſue. *Bri.* Very well.
And I ſhall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time
To be my Grandchild. *Ch.* And ſuch a one I hope Sir
As ſhall not ſhame the family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take care of my eſtate? *Cha.* But in my wiſhes;
For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long ſince born her too high
To ſtoope to any prey that ſoares not upwards.
Sordid and dunghil minds compos'd of earth,
In that groſſe Element fix all their happineſs;
But purer ſpirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off
That clog of humane frailtie; give me leave

T' enjoy

T' injoy my ſelfe; that place that does containe
My Bookes (the beſt Companions) is to me
A glorious Court, where hourely I converſe
With the old Sages and Philoſophers,
And ſometimes for variety, I conferre
VVith Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Counſels,
Calling their Victories (if unjuſtly got)
Unto a ſtrict accompt, and in my phancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues; Can I then
Part with ſuch conſtant pleaſures, to embrace
Uncertaine vanities? No, be it your care
T' augment your heap of wealth; It ſhall be mine
T' encreaſe in knowledg—— Lights there for my ſtudy.—*Exit.*
Bri. VVas ever man that had reaſon thus tranſported
From all ſenſe and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me, and if I found not comfort
In my young *Euſtace*, I might well conclude
My name were at a period! *Lew.* Hee's indeed Sir } *Ent. Euſt.*
The ſurer baſe to build on. *Bri.* *Euſtace.* *Euſt.* Sir.— } *Egre. Cow.*
Bri. Your eare in private. *And.* I ſuſpect my maſter } *& Andr.*
Has found harſh welcome, he's gon ſupperleſs
Into his ſtudy; could I find out the cauſe,
It may be borrowing of his books, or ſo,
I ſhall be ſatisfi'd. *Euſt.* My duty ſhall Sir,
Take any forme you pleaſe; and in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might beare me to.
Lew. It is well anſwer'd. *Euſt.* Nor ſhall you my Lord
For your faire Daughter ever finde juſt cauſe
To mourn your choice of me; the name of husband,
Nor the authority it carries in it
Shall ever teach me to forget to be
As I am now her ſervant, and your Lordſhips;
And but that modeſty forbids, that I
Should ſound the Trump of my owne deſerts,

I could ſay my choice manners have been ſuch,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To th' Princes of the blood. *Cow.* Nay to the King.
Egre. Nay to the King and Councel. *And.* Theſe are Court admirers,
And ever eccho him that beares the bagg.
Though I be dull-ey'd, I ſee through this jugling.
Euſt. Then for my hopes: *Cow.* Nay certainties. *Euſt.* They ſtand
As faire as any mans. What can there fall
In compaſs of her wiſhes which ſhe ſhall not
Be ſuddenly poſſeſs'd of? Loves ſhe titles?
By th' grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what ſhe would have me. *Bri.* He ſpeakes well,
And I beleeve him. *Lew.* I could wiſh I did ſo.
Pray you a word Sir. He's a proper Gentleman,
And promiſes nothing, but what is poſſible.
So far I will go with you; Nay I add,
He hath won much upon me, and were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were ſoone ſtruck up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Lew.* the heire.
And. Which he is not, and I truſt never ſhall be.
Bri. Come, that ſhall breed no difference; you ſee
Charles has giv'n ore the VVorld; Ile undertake,
And with much eaſe, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new bookes; nor ſhall my ſtate
Alone make way for him, but my-elder brothers,
VVho being iſſueleſs, t'advance our name,
I doubt not will add his; Your reſolution?
Lew. Ile firſt acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,
On theſe terms I am yours, as ſhe ſhall be,
Make you no ſcruple, get the writings ready,
She ſhall be tractable; to morrow we will hold
A ſecond conference: Farewell noble *Euſtace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Euſt.* Ful increaſe of honour
VVait ever on you Lordſhip. *And.* The Gowt rather
And a perpetual Meagrim. *Bri.* You ſee *Euſtace*,

How

How I travail to poſſeſs you of a fortune
You were not born to; be you worthy of it,
Ile furniſh you for a Suitor; viſit her
And proſper in't. *Euſt.* Shee's mine Sir, fear it not:
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin
That could reſiſt my Courtſhip. *Euſt.* If take now,
VV' are made for ever, and will revel it. *Exeunt.*
And. In tough Welſh parſly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Is ſtrong hempen halters; My poore Maſter coo'znd,
And I a looker on! If we have ſtudied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And conſequents, to be concluded coxcombes,
VV'have made a faire hand on't; I am glad I h've found
Out all their plots, and their conſpiracies;
This ſhall t'old Mounſieur *Miramont*, one, that though
He cannot read a Proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my Maſter *Charles*
For being a Schollar; I hear hee's comming hither,
I ſhall meet him, and if he be that old
Rough teaſty blade he alwayes uſ'd to be,
Ile ring him ſuch a peale as ſhall go neere
To ſhake their belroome, peradventure, beat'm,
For he is fire and flaxe, and ſo have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

MIRAMONT, BRISAC.

NAy Brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,
I meddle with no buſineſs but mine own,
And in mine owne 'tis reaſon I ſhould governe.

Mir. But how to govern then, and understand Sir,
And be as wise as y' are hasty, though you be
My brother, and from one bloud sprung, I must tell yee
Heartily and home too. *Br.* What Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two.
Bri. We'l part'em, if you please. *Mir.* No they're entail'd to'em.
Seeke to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest Son Sir' and your very Image,
(But he's so like you that he fares the worse for't)
Because he loves his booke and doates on that,
And onely studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such course braines as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choake your hide-bound Tenants with musty harvests.
Bri. You go to fast. *Mir.* I 'm not come too my pace yet;
Because h' has made his studie all his pleasure,
And is retyr'd into his Contemplation,
Not medling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?
Must he be dispossess'd, and Mounsieur gingle boy
His younger brother --------*Bri.* You forget your self.
Mir. Because h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious peece of nothing;
To vary his face as Seamen do their Compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she Calves of the Season,
Therefore must he jump into his brothers land?
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough,
In praise of learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.
Bri. But brother do you know what learning is?
Mir. It is not to be a justice of Peace as you are,
And palter out your time ith' penal Statutes,
To heare the curious Tenets controverted

Between

Between a Proteſtant Conſtable, and Jeſuit Cobler,
To pick natural Philoſophie out of bawdry,
When your Worſhip's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blinde Juſtice,
(VVhich is deep learning) when your worſhips Tenants
Bring a light cauſe, and heavie Hennes before yee,
Both fat and feeſible, a Gooſe or Pig,
And then you ſit like equity with both hands
Weighing indifferently the ſtate oth' queſtion.
Theſe are your quodlibets, but no learning! Brother.
Bri. You are ſo parlouſly in love with learning,
That I'de be glad to know what you underſtand, brother.
I'me ſure you have read all *Ariſtotle*. *Mir.* Faith no,
But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my ſort;
Though I can ſpeak no Greek I love the ſound on't,
It goes ſo thundering as it conjur'd Devils.
Charles ſpeakes it loftily, and if thou wert a man,
Or had'ſt but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,
Heſiod, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldſt run mad,
And hang thy ſelf for joy th' hadſt ſuch a Gentleman
To be thy ſon; O he has read ſuch things
To me! *Bri.* And you do underſtand 'm brother?
Mir. I tell thee no, that's not material; the ſound's
Sufficient to confirme an honeſt man:
Good brother *Briſac*, do's your young Courtier
That weares the fine cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,
(The Traveller, the Souldier, as you think too)
Underſtand any other power than his Taylor?
Or knowes what motion is more than an Horſe race?
What the moon meanes, but to light him home from Taverns?
Or the comfort of the Sun is, but to weare ſlaſh't clothes in?
And muſt this peece of ignorance be popt up,
Becauſe 't can Kiſſe the hand, and cry ſweet Lady?
Say it had been at *Rome*, and ſeen the Reliques,

Drunk.

Drunk your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,
Brought home a pox of *Venice* treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten aſhes:
Muſt this thing therefore? —— *Bri.* Yes Sir this thing muſt,
I will not truſt my land to one ſo ſotted,
So grown like a diſeaſe unto his ſtudie;
He that will fling off all occaſions
And cares, to make him underſtand what ſtate is,
And how to govern it, muſt by that reaſon,
Be flung himſelf aſide from managing:
My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.
Mir. He is an aſſe, a peece of Ginger-bread,
Gilt over to pleaſe fooliſh girles puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder wit, thou'd ſt ſhame us all elſe.
Go too, I ſay, *Charles* ſhall inherit. *Bri.* I ſay no,
Unleſs *Charles* had a ſoul to underſtand it;
Can he manage ſix thouſand Crowns a yeare
Out of the Metaphyſicks? or can all
His learn'd Aſtronomy look to my Vineyards?
Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?
(I know they can drinke'm) or your excellent Humaniſts
Sell 'm the Merchants for my beſt advantage?
Can Hiſtory cut my hay, or get my Corne in?
And can Geometrie vent it in the market?
Shall I have my ſheepe kept with a *Iacobs* ſtaffe now?
I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,
You that are old and ſhould underſtand. *Mir.* Should, ſai'ſt thou,
Thou monſtrous peece of ignorance in office!
Thou that haſt no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuſes,
Thy dapper Clerk larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than cuſtom of offences;
Thou unrepriveable Dunce! that thy formal bandſtrings,
Thy Ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,
Do'ſt thou tell me I ſhould? Ile poſe thy Worſhip

In thine own Libraty an Almanack,
Which thou art dayly poring on to pick out
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,
And full Moones to cut Cattel; do'ſt thou taint me,
That have run over Story, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping ſhadow
Does ore eares of Corne, and leave 'em blaſted,
Put up your anger, what Ile do Ile do.
Mir. Thou ſhalt not doe. *Bri.* I will. *Mir.* Thou art an Aſſe then,
A dull old tedious Aſſe, the' art ten times worſe
And of leſſe credit than Dunce *Hollingſhead*
The Engliſhman, that writes of ſnowes and Sheriffes,

Enter LEWIS.

Bri. Wel take your pleaſure, here's one I muſt talke with.
Lew. Good day Sir. *Bri.* Faire to you Sir. *Lew.* May I ſpeake w'ye?
Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodneſs.
Lew. Good morrow Mouſieur *Miramont*. *Mir.* O ſweet Sir,
Keep your good morrow to coole your Worſhips pottage,
A couple of the worlds fooles met together
To raiſe up dirt and dunghils. *Lew.* Are they drawne?
Bri. They ſhall be ready Sir, within theſe two houres;
And *Charles* ſet his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis neceſſary;
For he being a joint purchaſer, though your ſtate
Was got by your owne induſtrie, unleſſe
He ſeale to the Conveyance, it can be
Of no validity. *Bri.* He ſhall be ready,
And do it willingly. *Mir.* He ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Bri I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* Se loves him well Sir
Young *Euſtace* is a bait to catch a woman,
A budding ſpritely fellow; y'are reſolv'd then,
That all ſhall paſſe from *Charles*. *Bri.* All all, hee's nothing,
A bunch of bookes ſhall be his patrimony,
And more then he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother
Paſſe over his land to, to your ſon *Euſtace*?
You know he has no heire. *Mir.* He will be flead firſt,

And horſe-collars made of's skin! *Bri.* let him alone,
A wilful man; my ſtate ſhall ſerve the turne, Sir.
And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,
And like a bluſhing Roſe that ſtaies the pulling.
Bri. To morrow, then's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow
Ile bring the Girle; get you the Writings ready.
Mir. But hark you Monſieur, have you the vertuous conſcience
To help to robb an heire, an Elder Brother,
Of that which Nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your fathers eldeſt ſon, I take it,
And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,
Or his diſcretion to conſider nobly,
What 'tis to deale unworthily in theſe things;
You'l ſay hee's none of yours, he's his ſon;
And he will ſay, he is no ſon to inherit
Above a ſhelfe of Bookes; Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and reade, and know things?
Why was he not like his father, a dumbe Juſtice?
A flat dull peece of flegme, ſhap'd like a man,
A reverend Doll in a peece of arras?
Can you lay diſobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,
Nor do not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir;
This man muſt anſwer. *Bri.* I have don't already.
And giv'n ſufficient reaſon to ſecure me;
And ſo good morrow brother to your patience.
Lew. Good morrow Monſieur *Miramont*. *Mir.* Good night-caps
Keepe braines warme, or Maggots will breed in 'm.
Well *Charles*, thou ſhalt not want to buy thee bookes yet,
The faireſt in thy ſtudy are my gift,
And the Univerſity *Lovaine* for thy ſake,
Hath taſted of my bounty, and to vex
Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,
They ſhall not ſhare a *Solz* of mine between them;

Nay

Nay more, Ile give thee eight thouſand Crowns a year,
In ſome high ſtrain to write my Epitaph.

Actus II. *Scæna* II.

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY.

How do I look now my elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handſome Suit. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly.
Euſt. Ile aſſure ye Gentlemen, my Taylor has travail'd,
And ſpeaks as lofty Language in his bills too;
The cover of an old Book would not ſhew thus.
Fye, fie; what things theſe Academicks are?
Theſe book-worms, how they look! *Egr.* Th'are mere Images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'm,
They'l prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a ſtory of the ſtate of Heaven,
What Lords and Ladies govern in ſuch houſes,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they ſpit ſnow, fire, and hail like a Jugler,
And make a noiſe when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.
Cow. They are the ſneaking'ſt things, and the contemptibleſt;
Such ſmall-beer brains, but aske 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their underſtanding,
And they ſtand gaping like a roaſted Pig;
Do they know what a Court is or a Councel,
Or how th' affairs of Chriſtendome are manag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tyred hackney?
And they cry abſurd as the Horſe underſtood 'em.
They have made a fair youth of your elder brother,
A pretty piece of fleſh. *Euſt.* I thank 'm for it,
Long may he ſtudy to give me his ſtate.
Saw you my Miſtreſs? *Egre.* Yes, ſhees a ſweet young woman,
But be ſure you keep her from Learning. *Euſt.* Songs ſhe
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our time contrive,

That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty ſound;
She ſhall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry;
Horſes and Coach, but of no immortal race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine houſe
Above a gentle Reader; They corrupt
The fooliſh women with their ſubtle problems;
Ile have my houſe call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philoſophers from entertainment.
Cow. It will do well, love thoſe that love good faſhions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,
That ſpeak the liſp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning!
To ride well, dance well, ſing well, or whiſtle Courtly,
Th' are rare endowments; that they have ſeen far Countries,
And can ſpeak ſtrange things, though they ſpeak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Euſt. To morrow, I think, we muſt have a Maſque Boyes,
And of our own making. *Egre.* 'Tis not half an houres work,
A *Cupid* and a fiddle, and the thing's done,
But let's be handſome, ſhall's be Gods or Nymphs?
Euſt. What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, we'l be Knights then,
Some wandring Knights, that light here on a ſudden.
Euſt. Let's go, let's go, I muſt go viſit, Gentlemen,
And mark what ſweet lips I muſt kiſs to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Actus II. *Scena* III.

COOK, ANDREW, BUTLER.

And how do's my Maſter? *And.* Is at's book, peace Coxcomb,
That ſuch an unlearn'd tongue as thine ſhould ask for him!
Co. Do's he not ſtudy conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Loſt any Plate, *Butler?* *But.* No, but I know
I ſhall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You ſhall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle

With

With no ſpirits oth' Buttry, they taſte too ſmall for us;
Keep me a Pye *in folio*, I beſeech thee,
And thou ſhalt ſee how learnedly Ile tranſlate him;
Shalls have good cheer to morrow? *Coo. Ex.* Lent, good cheer *Andrew.*
And. The ſpight on't is, that much about that time,
I ſhall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the Males or Females of red Herrings,
And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,
A queſtion found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry *Butler*,
Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,
Would ſwear he underſtood no more than we do.
But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*. *And.* I've ſo much on't,
And am ſo loaden with ſtrong underſtanding,
I fear, they'l run me mad, here's a new inſtrument,
A metamatical glifter to purge the Moon with,
When ſhe is laden with cold flegmatick humours,
And here's another to remove the Stars,
When they grow too thick in the Firmament.
Co. O heavens! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only ſearch the ſecrets
Of a Sallad; and know no farther! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; Theſe are far above
Your Element of Fire. *Cooke*, I could tell you
Of *Archimides* glaſs to fire your coals with,
And of the Philoſophers turf that nere goes out;
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could raviſh thee,
With two rare inventions. *But.* What are they *Andrew?*
And. The one to blanch your bread from chippings baſe,
And in a moment, as thou wouldſt an Almond,
The Sect of the Epicureans invented that;
The other for thy trenchers, that's a ſtrong one,
To cleanſe you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noiſe heard, which is the wonder *Gilbert*,

And this was out of *Plato's* new *Idea's*.
But. Why, what a learned Maſter do'ſt thou ſerve *Andrew?*
And. Theſe are but the ſcrapings of his underſtanding, *Gilbert*;
With gods and goddeſſes, and ſuch ſtrange people
He deals, and treats with in ſo plain a faſhion,
As thou do'ſt with thy boy that drawes thy drink,
Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and ſcalders.
Coo. But why ſhould he not be familiar and talk ſometimes,
As other Chriſtians do, of hearty matters,
And come into the Kitchin, and there cut his breakfaſt?
But. And then retyre to the Buttry and there eat it,
And drink a luſty bowle to my younger Maſter
That muſt be now the heir will do all theſe,
I and be drunk too; Theſe are mortal things.
And. My Maſter ſtudies immortality. *Coo.* Now thou talk'ſt
Of immortality, how do's thy wife *Andrew?* My old Maſter
Did you no ſmall pleaſure when he procur'd her
And ſtock'd you in a farme. If he ſhould love her now,
As he hath a Colts tooth yet, what ſayes your learning
And your ſtrange inſtruments to that my *Andrew?*
Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?
Can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?
And. Yes, or Ile break it; thou awaken'ſt me,
And Ile peep ith' Moon this moneth but Ile watch for him.
My Maſter rings, I muſt go make him a fire,
And conjure ore his books. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,
And ſend thee manly patience with thy learning. *Exeu.*

Actus II. *Scæna* IV.

CHARLES.

I have forgot to eat and ſleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into ſtudie;
'Tis meat and ſleep; what need I outward garments,
When I can cloathe my ſelf with underſtanding?

The ſtars and glorious planets have no Taylors,
Yet ever new they are and ſhine like Courtiers:
The ſeaſons of the yeare find no fond parents,
Yet ſome are arm'd in ſilver Ice that gliſters,
And ſome in gawdy green come in like Maſquers:
The Silk-worme ſpines her owne ſuit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours;
Why ſhould we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or look upon the world but to contemne it?

Enter ANDREW.

Would you have any thing? *Cha Andrew*, I find
There is a flie grown o're the eye oth' Bull,
Which will go neere to blind the Conſtellation.
And. Put a gold-ring in's noſe, and that will cure him.
Cha. Ariadne's crown's away too; two main ſtarres
That held it faſt are ſlip'd out. *And.* Send it preſently
To *Gallatteo* the Italian Star-wright
Hee'll ſet it right againe with little labour;
Cha. Thou art a pretty Schollar. *And.* I hope I ſhall be;
Have I ſwept bookes ſo often to know nothing?
Cha. I heare thou art married. *And.* It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maid of his owne chooſing,
I doubt her conſtellation's looſe too, and wants nailing,
And a ſweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.
Cha. Marry thy ſelfe to underſtanding, *Andrew*,
Theſe women are *Errata* in all Authours,
They 're faire to ſee to, and bound up in vellam,
Smooth, white and cleare, but their contents are monſtrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diſeaſes.
Thou haſt not ſo much wit in thy head, as there is
On thoſe ſhelves, *Andrew*. *And.* I think I have not Sir.
Cha. No, if thou had'ſt thould'ſt nere marryed a woman
In thy boſome, they 're Cataplaſmes made oth' deadly ſins:
I nere ſaw any yet but mine own mother;
Or if I did, I did regard them but

As ſhadowes that paſſe by of under Creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? Ile truſt you with my owne wife;
I would not have yonr brother go beyond ye;
Th'are the prittieſt natural Philoſophers to play with.
Cha. No, no, th'are Opticks to delude mens eyes with.
Does my younger brother ſpeake any Greek yet, *Andrew?*
And. No, but he ſpeaks High Dutch, and that goes as daintily.
Cha. Reach me the bookes down I read yeſterday,
And make a little fire and get a manchet;
Make cleane thoſe inſtruments of braſs I ſhew'd you,
And ſet the great Sphere by, then take the fox tayle
And purg the bookes from duſt, laſt take your *Lilly*,
And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I go home Sir?
My wives name is *Lilly*, there my beſt part lyes, Sir.
Cha. I meane your Gammer, O thou dunderhead!
Would'ſt thou be ever in thy wives *Syntaxis*?
Let me have no noiſe nor nothing to diſturb me,
I am to find a ſecret. *And.* So am I too,
Which if I you find, I ſhall make ſome ſmart for't. —— *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

LEWIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, NOTARY.

This is the day my daughter *Angellina*,
The happy, that muſt make you a fortune,
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,
And yours muſt be as great to entertaine it;
Young *Euſtace* is a Gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His perſon excellent, I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth,

Young

Young handſome people ſhould be match'd together,
Then followes handſome Children, handſome fortunes;
The moſt part of his fathers ſtate, my Wench,
Is ti'd in a joynture, that makes up the harmony;
And when y'are marryed, he's of that ſoft temper,
And ſo far will be chain'd to your obſervance,
That you may rule and turne him as you pleaſe.
What are the writings drawn on our ſide, Sir?
Not. They are, and here I have ſo fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother ſet his hand to,
Not all the power of law ſhall ere releaſe him.
Lew. Theſe Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to doe more miſcheife than an Army:
Are all your clauſes ſure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,
They may turne Rivers ſooner than theſe writings.
Not. Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?
Lew. Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found all the Land. *Lew.* Theſe are ſmall Devils
That care not who has miſchieife, ſo they make it;
They live upon the meere ſcent of diſſenſion.
Tis well, tis well, Are you contented Girle?
For your wil muſt be known. *Ang.* A husband's welcom,
And as an humble wife Ile entertaine him,
No ſoveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,
For ſhe that ſeekes it, killes her husbands Honour:
The Gentleman I have ſeene, and well obſerv'd him,
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promiſe,
A pretty Gentle man, and he may pleaſe too,
And ſome few flaſhes I have hear'd come from him,
But not to admiration as to others;
Hee's young and may be good, yet he muſt make it,
And I may help, and help to thank him alſo.
It is your pleaſure I ſhould make him mine,
And 't has beene ſtill my duty to obſerve you.

 Lew. Why

Lew. Why then let's go, And I ſhall love your modeſty.
To horſe, and bring the Coach out *Angellina*,
To morrow you will looke more womanly.
Ang. So I looke honeſtly, I feare no eyes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scæna* II.

BRISAC, ANDREW, COOKE, LILLY.

Wait on your Maſter, he ſhall have that befits him;
And. No inheritance, Sir? *Bri.* You ſpeak like a foole, a coxcomb,
He ſhall have annual meanes to buy him bookes,
And find him cloathes and meat, what would he more?
Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat againſt his nature:
I love him too, and honour thoſe gifts in him.
And. Shall Maſter *Euſtace* have all? *Bri.* All, all, he knowes how
To uſe it, hee's a man bred in the world,
T' other ith' heavens: my Maſters, pray be wary,
And ſerviceable; and *Cooke* ſee all your ſawces
Be ſharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may
Commend you; looke to your roaſt and bak'd meates handſomly,
And what new kickſhawes and delicate made things——
Is th' muſick come? *But.* Yes Sir, th'are here at breakfaſt.
Bri. There will be a Maſque too, you muſt ſee this roome clean,
And *Butler* your doore open to all good fellowes,
But have an eye to your plate, for their be Furies;
My *Lilly* welcome, you are for the linnen,
Sort it, and ſee it ready for the table,
And ſee the bride-bed made, and looke the cords be
Not cut aſunder by the Gallants too,
There be ſuch knacks abroad; harke hither, *Lilly*,
To morrow night at twelve a clock, Ile ſuppe w' ye,
Your husband ſhall be ſafe, Ile ſend ye meat too,
Before I cannot well ſlip from my company.
And. Will ye ſo, will you ſo, Sir? Ile make one to eate it,
I may chance make you ſtagger too. *Bri.* No anſwer, *Lilly*?

Lil. One

Lil. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,
And reſt your worſhips ſtill. *And.* And Ile reſt w'yee,
You ſhall ſee what reſt 'twill be: Are ye ſo nimble?
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.
Bri. VVait on your Maſter, for I know he wants ye,
And keep him in his ſtudie, that the noiſe
Do not moleſt him: I will not faile my *Lilly*——
Come in ſweet hearts, all to their ſeveral duties. *Exeunt*
And. are you kiſſing ripe, Sir? Double but my farm
And kiſſe her till thy heart ake; the ſeſmocke vermin,
How eagerly they leap at old mens kiſſes,
They lick their lipps at profit, not at pleaſure;
And if 't were not for th' ſcurvie name of Cuckold,
He ſhould lye with her, I know ſhee'l labour at length
VVith a good lordſhip. If he had a wife now,
But that's all one, Ile fit him: I muſt up
Unto my Maſter, hee'l be mad with ſtudie —*Exit.*

Actus III. *Scæna* III.

CHARLES.

VVhat a noiſe is in this houſe, my head is broken,
VVithin a Parentheſis, in every corner,
As if the earth were ſhaken with ſome ſtrange Collect,
There are ſtirres and motions. VVhat Planet rules this houſe?

Enter ANDREW.

VVho's there? *And.* Tis I Sir faithful *Andrew*. *Cha.* Come neere
And lay thine eare downe, hear'ſt no noiſe? *And.* The Cookes
Are chopping hearbs and mince meat to make pies,
And breaking Marrow-bones——*Char.* Can they ſet them a-gaine?
And. Yes, yes, in brothes and pnddings, and they grow ſtronger
For the' uſe of any man. *Cha.* VVhat ſpeaking's that?
Sure there is a maſſacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geeſe Sir,
And Turkeys for the ſpit. The Cookes are angry Sirs,

And that makes up the medly. *Cha.* Do they thus
At every dinner? I nere mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a Cook. *And.* Th'are ſometimes ſober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.
Char. What loads are theſe? *Andr.* Meat, meat, Sir, for the Kitchin,
And ſtinking Fowles the Tenants have ſent in;
They'l nere be found out at a general eating;
And there's fat Veniſon, Sir. *Cha.* What's that? *And.* Why Deer,
Thoſe that men fatten for their private pleaſures,
And let their tenants ſtarve upon the Commons.
Cha. I've red of Deer, but yet I nere eat any.
And. There's a Fiſhmongers boy with Caviar Sir,
Anchoves and Potargo, to make ye drink.
Cha. Sure theſe are modern, very modern meats,
For I underſtand 'm not. *And.* No more do's any man
From Caca merda or a ſubſtance worſe,
Till they be greas'd wirh oyle, and rub'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors, they are rare Sallads.
Cha. And why is all this, prithee tell me *Andrew?*
Are there any Princes to dine here to day?
By this abundance ſure there ſhould be Princes;
I've read of entertainment for the gods
At half this charge, will not ſix diſhes ſerve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a ſmall one.
And. Your Brother's married this day, he's married,
Your younger brother *Euſtace.* *Cha.* What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither.
There's not a dog that knowes the houſe but comes too.
Cha. Married? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,
Young, ſweet, and modeſt. *Cha.* Are there modeſt women?
How do they look? *And.* O you'ld bleſſe your ſelf to ſee them.
He parts with's book, he nere did ſo before yet.
Cha. What do's my father for 'm? *And.* Gives all his Land,
And makes your brother Heir. *Cha.* Muſt I have nothing?

And. Yes, you muſt ſtudy ſtill, and he'l maintain you.
Cha. I am his eldeſt brother. *And.* True, you were ſo,
But he has leapd ore your ſhoulders, Sir. *Cha.* 'Tis wel,
He'l not inherit my underſtanding too?
And. I think not, he'l ſcarce find tenants to let it
Out to. *Cha.* Hark, hark. *Andr.* The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, *Ladies*, NOTARY, *&c.*

And. Now you may ſee her. *Cha.* Sure this ſhould be modeſt;
But I do not truly know what women make of it,
Andrew; She has a face looks like a ſtory,
The ſtorie of the Heavens looks very like her.
And. She has a wide face then. *Cha.* She has a Cherubins,
Cover'd and vail'd with modeſt bluſhes.
Euſtace be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient.
Get me my book again, and come in with me---*Exeunt.*

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, MIRAMONT.

Bri. Welcome ſweet Daughter, welcome noble Brother,
And you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,
Ladies moſt welcome; What? my angry brother!
You muſt be welcome too, the Feaſt is flat elſe.
Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joyes to bleſſe the bed withal;
Nor ſongs, nor Maſques to glorifie the Nuptials,
I bring an angrie mind to ſee your folly,
A ſharp one, too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'l ſtay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meat ſmells muſtie,
Your table will ſhew nothing to content me.
Bri. Ile anſwer you, here's good meat. *Mira.* But your ſawce is ſcurvie;
It is not ſeaſon'd with the ſharpneſs of diſcretion.
Euſt. It ſeems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir.

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th' art a boy,
A lump o'thy fathers lightneſs, made of nothing
But antick cloaths and cringes; look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a footbal full of fumes
And rotten ſmoke; Ladie, I pitie you;
You are a handſome and a ſweet young Ladie,
And ought to have a handſome man yoak'd t' ye,
An underſtauding too; this is a Gincrack,
That cay get nothing but new faſhions on you;
For ſay he have a thing ſhap'd like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.
Euſt. Theſe are but harſh words Uncle. *Mir.* So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harſher play w' your elder brother.
Euſt. I would be loth to give you. *Mi.* Do not venter,
Ile make your wedding cloaths ſit cloſer t'ee then;
I but diſturb you, Ile go ſee my nephew:
Lew. Pray take a piece of roſemarie. *Mir.* Ile wear it,
But for the Ladies ſake, and none of yours;
May be Ile ſee your table too. *Bri.* Pray do, Sir.
Ang. A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith ſweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,
He has made *Charles* his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why ſhould he grudge *Euſtace* any thing?
Ang. I wonld not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as they ſay, this *Charles* is,
That makes his book his Miſtreſs: Sure, there's ſomething
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him
Not a mere Sot. *Bri.* Come ſhall we go and ſeal brother?
All things are readie, and the Hrieſt is here.
When *Charles* has ſet his hand unto the Writings,
As he ſhall inſtantly, then to the Wedding,
And ſo to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's ſeal the book firſt
For my daughters Jointure. *Bri.* Let's be private in't, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scæna* IV.

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, ANDREW.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Cha.* hum. *Mira.* Ha' ye no greater feeling?
And. You were sensible of the great boooke, Sir,
When it fell on your head, and now the house
Is ready to fall, Do you feare nothing? *Cha.* Will
He have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a book,
A faire one too to read on, and read wonders,
I would thou hadst her in thy studie Nephew,
And 'twere but to new string her. *Cha.* Yes, I saw her,
And me though 'twas a curious peece of learning,
Handsomely bound, and of a daintly letter.
And. He flung away his booke. *Mir.* I like that in him,
Would he had flung away his dulnes too,
And speak to her. *Cha.* And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has. *Cha.* And that faire woman too?
Mir. That woman also. *Cha.* He has enough then.
May I not see her somtimes, and call her Sister?
I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,
I could now cry for anger; these old fooles
Are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs.
Farewil, and fall to your booke, forget your brother;
You are my heire, and Ile provide y' a wife;
Ile looke upon this marriage, though I hate it. *Exit.*

Enter BRISAC.

Where is my son? *And.* There Sir, casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He do's well; How do'st *Charles*? still at thy book?
And. Hee's studying now Sir, who shall be his father.
Bri. Peace you rude Knave ___ Come hither *Charles* be merry.

Cha. I

Cha. I thank you, I am buſie at my book, Sir.
Bri. You muſt put your hand my *Charles*, as I would have you,
Unto a little peece of parchment here;
Onely your name, you write a reaſonable hand.
Cha. But I may do unreaſonably to write it.
What is it Sir? *Bri.* To paſſe the Land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing; you ſhall be provided for,
And new bookes you ſhall have ſtill, and new ſtudies,
And have your meanes brought in without thy care boy,
And one ſtill to attend you. *Cha.* This ſhewes your love father.
Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a ſtone, I take it.
Cha Why father, Ile go downe, an't pleaſe you let me,
Becauſe Ide ſee the thing they call the Gentlewoman,
I ſee no woman but through contemplation,
And there Ile doe't before the company,
And wiſh my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee.
Cha. I muſt not ſtay, for I have things above
Require my ſtudy. *Bri.* No, thou ſhalt not ſtay,
Thou ſhalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he
Orethrowne himſelfe for ever; I will down
Into the Celler, and be ſtark drunk for anger. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scæna* V.

Enter. LEWIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, *Prieſt*, *Ladies*, COWSY, *Notary*, MIRAMONT.

Not. Come let him bring his ſons hand, and all's done.
Is yours ready? *Pr.* Yes Ile diſpatch ye preſently,
Immediately for in truth I am a hungry.
Euſt. Doe ſpeak apace, for we believe exactly
Doe not we ſtay long Miſtris? *Ang.* I find no fault,
Better things well done than want time to doe them.
Uncle, why are you ſad? *Mir.* Sweet ſmelling bloſſome,
Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,

Ide

Ide make thy husbands ſtate a thouſand, better
A yearlie thouſand, thou haſt miſt a man,
(But that he is addicted to his ſtudie,
And knowes no other Miſtreſſe than his minde)
Would weigh down bundles of theſe emptie kexes.
Ang. Can he ſpeak, Sir? *Mir.* Faith yes, but not to women:
His language is to heaven, and heavenlie wonder,
To Nature, and her dark and ſecret cauſes.
Ang. And does he ſpeak well there? *Mir.* O, admirably;
But hee's to baſhful too behold a woman,
There's none that ſees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man. *Mir.* Faith Yes, and a cleare ſweet ſpirit.
Ang. Then converſation me thinkes —— *Mir.* So think I.
But it is his rugged fate, and ſo I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleneſſe. *Euſt.* See my mad Uncle
Is courting my faire Miſtreſſe. *Lew.* Let him alone,
There's nothing that allayes an angrie mind
So ſoone as a ſweet beautie; hee'lcome to us.

Enter BRISAC, CHARLES.

Euſt. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,
Broke like a ſpirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come neerer *Charles*; 'Twas your deſire to ſee
My noble Daughter, and the company,
And give your brorher joy, and then to ſeal boy.
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he,
And he ſhall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed Sir, ready.
Cha. No, you muſt pardon me a while, I tell ye,
I am in contemplation, doe not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy ſtudie, *Charles*. *Cha.* Ile leave my life firſt;
I ſtudie now to be a man, I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. I like this beſt of all, he has taken fire,
His dull miſt flies away. *Euſt.* VVill you write brother?
Cha. No, brother no, I have no time for poore things,

I'm taking th' height of that bright Conſtellation.
Bri I ſay, you trifle time, ſon. *Cha.* I willl not ſeale, Sir;
I am your eldeſt, and Ile keepe my birthright,
For heaven forbid I ſhould become example;
Had y' onely ſhew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And beene a proud man to have parted with it;
Tis dirt, and labour; Doe I ſpeak right Uncle?
Mir. Bravely my boy, and bleſſe thy tongue. *Cha.* Ile forward,
But you have open'd to me ſuch a treaſure,
I find my mind free, heaven direct my fortune.
Mir. Can he ſpeak now? Is this a ſon to ſacrifice?
Cha. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have ſtudyed long, and now found onely,
That Ile part ſooner with my ſoul of reaſon,
And be a plant, a beaſt, a fiſh, a flie,
And onely make the number of things up
Than yeeld one foot of Land, if ſhe be ty'd to't.
Lew. He ſpeakes unhappily. *Ang.* and me thinkes bravely.
This the meere Schollar? *Euſt.* You but vexe your ſelfe brother
And vex your ſtudie too. *Cha.* Go you and ſtudie,
For 'ts time young *Euſtace*, you want both man and manners,
I've ſtudied both, although I made no ſhew on't.
Goe turne the Volumes over I have read,
Eate and digeſt them, that they may grow in thee,
VVeare out the tedious night with thy dimme Lampe,
And ſooner loſe the day than leave a doubt.
Diſtil the ſweetneſs from the Poets Spring;
And learne to love, Thou know'ſt not what faire is,
Traverſe the ſtories of the great Heroes,
The wiſe and civill lives of good men walke through;
Thou haſt ſeene nothing but the face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words:
Why ſhould'ſt thou weare a Jewel of this worth?
That haſt no worth within thee to preſerve her.

Beauty cleere and faire,
where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the violet and the roſe
The blew veines in bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

Where to live neere,
And planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More then light, perpetual bliſſe,
Make me live by ſerving you.

Deare again backe recal,
to this light,
A ſtranger to himſelfe and all;
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and eke the Glory,
I am your ſervant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speake ſuch another Ode, and take all yet.
VVhat ſay ye to the Scholar now? *Ang.* I wonder;
Is he your brother, Sir? *Euſt.* Yes, would he were buried,
I feare hee'l make an aſſe of me a younger.
Ang. Speake not ſo ſoftly Sir, tis very likely.
Bri. Come leave your finical talke, and let's diſpatch, *Charles.*
Cha. Diſpatch? VVhat? *Bra.* Why the land. *Cha.* You are deceiv'd, Sir,
Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman,
And what maintaines her when ſhee's woo'd: Ile ſtop here.
A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuouſly:
Though land and monies be no happineſſe,

Yet they are counted good additions.
That uſe Ile make; He that neglects a bleſſing,
Though he want preſent knowledge how to uſe it,
Neglects himſelf; May be I have done you wrong Lady,
Whoſe love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be my brother, that has long expected
The happie houre and bleſt my ignorance;
Pray give me leave Sir, I ſhall cleare all doubts.
Why did they ſhew me you? Pray tell me that?
(*Mir.* Hee'l talke thee into a penſion for thy knaverie)
Cha. You happie you, why did you breake unto me?
The roſie ſugred morne nere broke ſo ſweetly:
I am a man, and have deſires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of beautie rais'd them;
Till I ſaw thoſe eyes, I was but a lump;
A Chaos of confuſednes dwelt in me;
Then from thoſe eyes ſhot Love, and he diſtinguiſht,
And into forme he drew my faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.
Bri. VVe had beſt remove the Maide. *Cha.* It is too late Sir.
I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Euſtace*,
There are leſſe worthie ſoules for younger brothers;
This is no forme of ſilk but ſanctitie,
VVhich wilde laſcivious hearts can never dignifie.
Remove her where you will, I walk along ſtill;
For like the light we make no ſeparation;
You may ſooner part the billowes of the Sea,
And put a barre betwixt their fellowſhips,
Than blot out my remembrance; ſooner ſhut
Old time into a Den, and ſtay his motion,
VVaſh off the ſwift houres from his downie wings,
Or ſteale eternitie to ſtop his glaſſe,
Than ſhut the ſweet Idea I have in me,
Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir. Has

Mir. Has ſtudied duel too, take heed, hee'l beat thee.
Has frighted the old Juſtice into a fever;
I hope hee'l diſinherit him too for an aſſe;
For though he be grave with yeeres, hee's a great babie.
Cha. Doe not you think me mad? *Ang.* No certain, Sir,
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Cha. You looke upon my cloathes and laugh at me,
My ſcurvie clothes! *Ang.* They have rich linings Sir.
I would your brother —— *Cha* His are gold and gawdie.
Ang. But touch 'em inwardlie, they ſmell of Copper.
Cha. Can ye love me? I am an heire, ſweet Ladie,
How ever I appeare a poore dependant;
Love you with honour, I ſhall love ſo ever;
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father muſt dye.
Mir. That was well put in, I hope hee'l take it deepely.
Cha. Old men are not immortal, as I take it;
Is it, you looke for, youth and handſomneſs?
I doe confeſs my brother's a handſome Gentleman,
But he ſhall give me leave to lead the way Ladie,
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man ſhall not love his heapes of gold
With a more doting ſuperſtition,
Than Ile love you. The young man his delights,
The merchant when he ploughs the angrie ſea up,
And ſees the mountaine billows failling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd deſtruction;
Shall not with greater joy embrace his ſafetie.
Wee'l live together like two wanton Vines,
Circling our ſoules and loves in one another,
Wee'l ſpring together and weel beare one fruit;
One joy ſhall make us ſmile, and one griefe mourne;
One age go with us, and one houre of death
Shall ſhut our eyes, and one grave make us happie.

Ang. And

Ang. And one hand ſeale the match, Ime yours for ever.
Lew. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay. *Ang.* Nay certianly, tis done Sir.
Bri. There was a contract. *Ang.* Onely conditional,
That if he h d the Land, he had my love too;
This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'll maintaine it.
Pray be not angrie Sir at what I ſay;
Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.
You have the out ſide of a pretty Gentleman,
But by my troth you inſide is but barren;
Tis not a face I onely am in love with,
Nor will I ſay your face is excellent,
A reaſonable hunting face to Court the winde with;
Nor th' are not words unleſſe they be well plac'd too,
Nor your ſweete Dam-mes, nor your hired verſes,
Nor telling me of Cloathes, nor Coach and horſes,
No nor your viſits each day in new ſuites,
Nor you black patches you weare variouſlie,
Some cut like ſtarres, ſome in halfe Moones, ſome Lozenges,
(All which but ſhew you ſtill a younger brother.)
Mir. Gramercie Wench, thou haſt a noble ſoule too.
Ang. Nor you long travailes, not your little knowledge,
Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe ſtudie,
And gleane ſome goodneſs, that you may ſhew manlie;
Your Brother at my ſuit Ime ſure will teach you;
Or onely ſtudie how to get a wife Sir,
Y'are caſt far behind, tis good you ſhould be melancholie,
It ſhewes like a Gameſter that had loſt his money,
And tis the faſhon to weare your arme in a skarfe Sir,
For you have had a ſhrewd cut ore the fingers.
Lew. But are y' in earneſt? *Ang.* Yes, beleeve me father,
You ſhall nere chooſe for me, y'are old and dim Sir,
And th' ſhaddow of the ea th ecclips'd your judgement,
Y'have had your time without controwle deare father,
And you muſt give me leave to take mine now Sir.
Bri. This is the laſt time of asking, Will you ſet your hand to?

Cha. This

Cha. This is the laſt time of anſwering, I will never,
Brif. Out of my doores. *Char.* Moſt willingly. *Miram.* He ſhall Jew,
Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-aſſes* Coxcombe,
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold foole.
Ang. Muſt I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will; what fortune he ſhall run, father,
Bee't good or bad, I muſt partake it with him.

Enter EGREMONT.

VVhen ſhall the Maſque begins? *Euſt.* Tis done alreadie,
All, all, is broken off, I am undone friend,
My brother's wiſe againe, and has ſpoil'd all,
VVill not releaſe the land, has wone the Wench too.
Egre. Could he not ſtay till th' Maſque was paſt? w'are ready;
What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vaniſh,
Performe it at ſome Hall, where the Citizens wives
May ſee't for ſix pence a peece, and a cold ſupper.
Come let's goe *Charles*; And now my noble Daughter,
Ile ſell the tiles of my houſe ere thou ſhalt want Wench.
Rate up your dinner Sir, and ſell it cheape,
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.
Send you joy, Nephew *Euſtace*, if you ſtudie the Law,
Keep your great pippin-pies, they'l goe far with ye.
Cha. Ide have your bleſſing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more,
Farewell, thou wilt blaſt mine eyes elſe. *Cha.* I will not.
Lew. Nor ſend not you for Gownes. *Ang.* Ile weare courſe flannel firſt.
Bri. Come let's goe take ſome counſel. *Lew.* Tis too late.
Bri. Then ſtay and dine, It may be we ſhall vexe'em.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus 4. *Scæna* 1.

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY.

NEre talke to me, you are no men but Maſquers,
Shapes, ſhadowes, and the ſignes of men, Court bubbles,
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,
You have no ſoules, no metal in your bloods,
No heat to ſtir ye when ye have occaſion,
Frozen dull things that muſt be turn'd with leavers,
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?
The ſpritely fellowes, that the people talk of?
Ye have no more Spirit than three ſleepy ſops.
Euſt. What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,
And get ye out of doores, and ſeeke your fortune,
Stand ſtill becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A haire-brain'd puppie, and a bookiſh boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in Characters,
Croſſe my deſigne, and take thine owne Wench from thee,
In mine owne houſe too? Thou diſpis'd poore fellow!
Euſt. The reverence that I ever bare to you Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but ſawcineſſe
T'have been ſo rough----*Egre.* And we not ſeeing him
Strive in his owne cauſe, that was principal,
And ſhould have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here. *Bri.* You dare doe nothing.
Doe you make your care the excuſe of your cowardlineſſe?
Three boyes on hobbie-horſes with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all. *Cow.* You muſt not ſay ſo. *Bri.* Yes,
And ſing it too. *Cow.* You are a man of peace,

Therefore

Therefore we muſt give way. *Bri.* Ile make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;
And having firſt torne off your flaunting feathers,
Ile tramble on'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my houſe, Ile kick ye out of my gates;
You gawdie glow-wormes carrying ſeeming fire,
Yet have no heat within ye. *Cow.* O bleſt travaile!
How much we owe thee for our power to ſuffer?
Egre. Some ſpleenative youths now that had never ſeen
More than thy Countrie ſmoak, will grow in choler.
It would ſhew fine in us. *Euſt.* Yes marry would it,
That are prime Courtiers, and muſt know no angers,
But give thankes for our injuries, if we purpoſe
To hold our places. *Bri.* Will you find the doore?
And finde it ſuddenlie, you ſhall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfum'd retinew, and cover
The now loſt *Angellina*, or build on it,
I will adopt ſome beggers doubtful iſſue,
Before thou ſhalt inherit. *Euſt.* Wee'l to councel,
And what may be done by mans wit or valour
Wee'l put in execution. *Bri.* Doe, or never
Hope I ſhall know thee. *Le.* O Sir, have I found you? { *Exeunt.* }
Bri. I never hid my ſelfe, whence flowes this fury? { *Ent. Lewis* }
With which as it appeares, you come to fright me.
Lew. I ſmell a plot, meere conſpiracy
Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,
And if ſhe be not ſuddenly delivered,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The beſt of Frantce ſhall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heire, and if ſhe may be raviſht
Thus from my care, farewel Nobilitie;
Honour and blood are meer neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him
Whoſe innocencie underſtands not what feare is;
If your unconſtant daughter will not dwell

On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude,
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integritie and truth?
Nor can her lightneſſe, nor your ſuppoſition
Caſt an aſperſion on me. *Lew.* I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not trifle,
But ſpeedilie, once more I doe repeate it,
Reſtore my daughter as I brought her hither.
Or you ſhall heare from me in ſuch a kinde,
As you will bluſh to anſwer. *Bri.* all the world
I think conſpires to vex me, yet I will not
Torment my ſelfe; ſome ſpriteful mirth muſt baniſh
The rage and melancholie which hath almoſt choak'd me,
T'a knowing man tis Phyſick, and tis thought on,
One merry houre Ile have in ſpight of fortune,
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,
This night Ile hugge my *Lilly* in mine armes,
Provocatives are ſent before to cheare me;
We old men need 'em, and though we pay deare,
For our ſtolne pleaſures, ſo it be done ſecurely;
The charge much like a ſharp ſawce gives 'm reliſh.
Well honeſt *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,
And it ſhall have a beacon to give warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And preſently, you being beſtowed elſe where,
Ile graffe it with dexteritie on your forehead;
Indeed I will *Lilly*, I come poore *Andrew*. *Exit.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* II.

Enter MIRAMONT, ANDREW,

Do they chaferoundly? *And.* As they were rubb'd with ſoap, Sir,
And now they ſweare alowd, now calme again,
Like a ring of bells whoſe ſound the wind ſtill alters,
And then they ſit in councel what to doe,

And

And then they jar againe what ſhall be done;
They talke of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,
They have a thouſand heads in a thouſand minutes,
Yet nere a one head worth a head of garlick.
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at'em,
A couple of pure puppies yok'd together.
But what ſayes the young Courtier Maſter *Euſtace*,
And his two warlike friends? *And.* They ſay but little,
How much they think I know not; they looke ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting houſe,
And had beene quite ſhot through 'tween winde and water
By a ſhe *Dunkirke*, and had ſprung a leake, Sir.
Certaine my maſter was too blame. *Mir.* Why *Andrew?*
And. To take away the Wench oth'ſudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning, he is tender;
And of a young girles conſtitution, Sir,
Readie to get the greene ſickneſs with conceit;
Had he but tane his leave innavailing language,
Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,
That th' world might have tane notice, he had beene
An Aſſe, 't had beene ſome ſavour. *Mir.* Thou ſayeſt true,
VViſe *Andrew*, but theſe Schollars are ſuch things
VVhen they can prattle. *And.* Very parlous things Sir.
Mir. And when they gaine the Libertie to diſtinguiſh
The difference 'twixt a father and a foole,
To looke below and ſpie a younger brother
Pruning up and dreſſing up his expectations
In a rare glaſſe of beauty, too good for him:
Thoſe dreaming Scholars then turne Tyrants, *Andrew*,
And ſhew no mercy. *And.* The more's the pittie, Sir.
Mir. Thou told'ſt me of a trick to catch my brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*.
It ſhall be onely anger I aſſure thee,
And little ſhame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;

Hark in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye;
This night at twelve a clock. *Mir.* Tis neat and handsome;
There are twentie Crownes due to thy project *Andrew*;
I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture
He reades to his Mistresse. That done, Ile not faile
To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master —— *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* III.

ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, *with a taper.*

I'me worse than ere I was; for now I feare,
That that I love, that that I onely dote on;
He followes me through every roome I passe,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if his spark of innocence were blowne
Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.
His Uncle to is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him ——
What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!
To be a maide, what miserie, what mischiefe!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairlie.
Syl. You need not feare that, will you be a childe still?
He followes you, but still to looke upon you;
Or if he did desire to lie with ye,
Tis but your owne desire, you love for that end;
Ile lay my life, if he were now abed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall a sleepe straight.
Ang. Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him consent, and have at ye;
I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the mysterie men aime at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?
Ang. He followes still, yet with a sober face;
Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.
Syl. You may both, and let him but goe with ye.
Cha. VVhy doe you fle me? what have I so ill

About me or within me! to deſerve it?
Ang. I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye;
I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office;
Ang. You may have me to bed Sir, without a ſcruple,
And yet I am charie too who comes about me.
Two Innocents ſhould not feare one another.
Syl. The Gentleman ſayes true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.
Cha. The glorious Sun both riſing and declining
VVe boldly looke upon; even then ſweet Ladie,
VVhen like a modeſt bride he drawes nights curtaines,
Even then he bluſhes, that men ſhould behold him.
Ang. I feare he will perſwade me to miſtake him.
Syl. Tis eaſily done, if you will give your minde to't.
Ang. Pray ye to your bed. *Cha.* VVhy not to yours, dear Miſtreſs,
One heart and one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when 'tis lawful:
But yet you know — *Cha.* I would not know, forget it;
Thoſe are but ſickly loves that hang on Ceremonie,
Nurſt up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthful,
Full of beleefe, and fit to teach the Prieſt;
Love ſhall ſeale firſt, then hands confirme the bargaine.
Ang. I ſhall be an Heretique if this continue.
What would you doe a bed? you make me bluſh, Sir.
Cha. Ide ſee you ſleepe, for ſure your ſleepes are excellent
You that are waking ſuch a noted wonder,
Muſt in your ſlumber prove an admiration:
I would behold your dreames too, if't were poſſible;
Thoſe were rich ſhowes. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.
Cha. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Iland,
Where all the perfumes and the pretious things
That wait upon great Nature are laid up,
Ide clip it in mine armes, and chaſtly kiſs it,
Dwell in your boſome like your deareſt thoughts,
And ſigh and weepe. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.
Cha. And thoſe true teares falling on your pure Chryſtals,
Should turne to armelets for great Queenes 't adore.

Ang. I must be gone *Cha.* Do not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,
Y'have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too;
Feare not my manners, though I never knew
Before these few houres what a beautie was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feele it;
Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets,
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rndeness against chastitie.
And. Then we may walk *Cha.* And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your eares, and my language;
Though I was bred up dull I was ever civil;
Tis true, I have found it hard to looke on you,
And not desire; Twil prove a wise mans task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still
And tempered with the quality of honour,
That if you should yeeld, I should hate you for't.
I am no Courtier of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beautious face.
That onely serves his will and wantonness,
And lets the serious part run by
As thin neglected sand. Whitness of name,
You must be mine; why should I robbe my selfe
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seeke to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aime at in you?
We'l loose our selves in *Venus* groves of mirtle
Where every little bird shall be a *Cupid*,
And sing of love and youth, each winde that blowes
And curles the velvet leaves shall breed delights,
The wanton springs shall call us to their bankes,
And on the perfum'd flowers wee'l feast our senses,
Yet wee'l walk by untainted of their pleasures,

And as they were pure Temples wee'l talk in them.
Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end
Of our faire loves; would I where worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thankes;
But I am poore in all but in your love.
Once more, good night. *Cha.* A good night t'ye, and may
The dew of sleepe fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those faire lights in pleasing slumbers;
No dreames but chast and cleare attempt your fancie,
And break betimes sweet morne, I've lost my light else.
Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.
Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoolee, he's so simple.
Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at dore, Sir { *Enter a servant.* }
And they're so violent, they'l take no denial.
Ang. this is no time of night. *Cha.* Let'em in Mistresse.
Serv. They stay no leave; Shall I raise the house on'm?
Cha. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't, I charge ye.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY.

Th'are here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.
How doe you brother with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?
Cha. No, brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface;
The stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her.
Shee's parcel of my goods. *Cha.* Shee's all when you have her.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.
Cha. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; doe not
Trouble your selfe with Ladies, they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.
Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you;
Such vanities as you are to be laught at.
Eust. Nay, Then you must goe, I must claime mine owne.
Both. Away, a way with her. *Cha.* Let her alone, { *She strikes off Eustace's hat* }
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcombe up:
Let me talk civilly a while with you brother.

It may be on ſome termes I may part with her.
Euſt. O; is your heart come downe? what are your termes, Sir?
Put up, put up. *Cha.* This is the firſt and cheifeſt, {*Snatches away his ſword,*}
Let's walk a turne; now ſtand off fo les, I adviſe ye,
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy:
This is the firſt ſword yet I ever handled,
And a ſword's a beauteous thing to looke upon,
And if it hold, I ſhall ſo hunt your inſolence:
Tis ſharp I'm ſure, and if I put it home,
Tis ten to one I ſhall new pink your *Sattins*:
I find I have ſpirit enough to diſpoſe of it,
An d will enough to make ye all examples;
Let me toſſe it round, I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him;
I feele the fire of ten ſtrong ſpirits in me.
Doe you watch me when my Uncle is abſent?
This is my griefe, I ſhall be fleſht on Cowards;
Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.
Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but ſhew in ye?
Why ſtand ye gaping? who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me?
But name her as his owne; who dares looke on her?
That ſhall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And haſt no wit nor ſpirit to maintaine it?
Stand ſtill thou ſigne of man, and pray for thy friends,
Pray heartilie, good prayers may reſtore ye.
Ang. But doe not kill'em Sir. *Cha.* You ſpeak too late, Deare,
It is my firſt fight, and I muſt doe bravely,
I muſt not looke with partial eyes on any;
I cannot ſpare a button of theſe Gentlemen;
Did life lye in their heel *Achilles* like,
Ide ſhoot my anger at thoſe parts and kill'am.
Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir. *Cha.* View all theſe, view'em well
Goe round a bout'em and ſtill view their faces,

Round

Round about yet; See how death waits upon 'em,
For thou ſhalt never view 'em more. *Euſt.* Pray hold, Sir.
Cha. I cannot hold, you ſtand ſo fair before me,
I muſt not hold 'twill darken all my glories.
Goe to my Uncle, bid him poſte to the *King*,
And get my pardon inſtantly, I have need on't.
Euſt. Are you ſo unnatural? *Cha.* You ſhall die laſt Sir,
Ile talke thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come, will ye come? me thinkes I've fought whole battailes.
Cow. VVe have no quarel to you, that we know on, Sir.
Egre. VVee'l quit the houſe and ask ye mercie too:
Good Ladie, let no murther be done here;
VVe came but to parly. *Cha.* How my ſword
Thirſts after them? ſtand away Sweet. *Euſt.* Pray Sir,
Take my ſubmiſſion, and I diſclaime for ever.
Cha. Away ye poore things, ye diſpicable Creatures!
Doe you come poſte to fetch a Ladie from me,
From a poore Schoole-boy that ye ſcorn'd of late?
And grow lame in your hearts when you ſhould execute?
Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carrie her; *Egre.* A Coach and four horſes.
Cha. But are they good? *Egre.* As good as *France* can ſhew Sir.
Cha. Are you willing to leave thoſe, and take your ſafeties?
Speak quickly. *Euſt.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cha.* Tis done then.
Many have got one horſe, I've got foure by th'bargaine.

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mi. HowNow, who's here? *Ser.* Nay Now, y'are gon without bail.
Mir. What, drawne my friends? Fetch me my two-hand ſword;
I will not leave a head on your ſhoulders, Wretches.
Euſt. In troth Sir, I came but to doe my dutie.
Both. And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.
What came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;
But one that never fought yet has ſo curried,
So baſtinabo'd them with manly carriage,
They ſtand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to ſtone:

They watch'd your being abſent, and then thought
They might doe wonders here, and they have done ſo?
For by my troth, I wonder at their coldneſs,
The nipping North or froſt never came neere them,
St. *George* upon a Signe would grow more ſenſible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be loſt,
Theſe were the moſt ſufficient men to doe it
In all the world, and yet they are but young,
What will they riſe to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen Glo-wormes ſatle, and ſhine as goodly;
Nobilitie and patience are match'd rarely
In theſe three Gentlemen, they have right uſe on't;
They'l ſtand ſtill for an houre and be beaten.
Theſe are the Anagrammes of three great VVorthies.
Mir. They will infect my houſe with cowardize,
If they breathe longer in it; my roofe covers
No baffl'd Monſieurs, walk and aire your ſelves;
As I live, they ſtay not here, white liver'd wretches
Without one word to ask a reaſon why,
Vaniſh, 'tis the laſt warning, and with ſpeed,
For if I take ye in hand I ſhall diſſect you,
And read upon your flegmatick dull carcaſes.
My horſe againe there: I have other buſineſs,
Which you ſhall heare hereafter and laugh at it.
Good night *Charles*, faire goodneſs to you dear Ladie
Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray Sir be careful of us.
Mir. It is enough, my beſt care ſhall attend ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* IV.

Enter ANDREW.

Are you come old Maſter? very good, your horſe
Is well fet up, but ere ye part, Ile ride you
And ſpur your reverend Juſticeſhip ſuch a queſtion,
As I ſhall make the ſides of your reputation bleed,

Truely

Trulie I will. Now muſt I play at Bo-peep------
A banquet----well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
And as I take it, Cantharides,------Excellent,
A Priapiſme followes, and as Ile handle it,
It ſhall old lecherous Goat in authoritie.
Now they begin to bill; how he ſlavers her!
Cramercie *Lilly*, ſhe ſpits his kiſſes out,
And now he offers to fumble ſhe fals off,
(That's a good Wench) and cries fair play above boord
VVho are they in the corner? As I live,
Acovey of Fidlers; I ſhall have ſome muſick yet
At my making free oth' Companie of Horners;
There's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one-----
Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will liſten------- A *Song*.
This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the note's too ſpritely.
So, ſo, the muſicke's paid for, and now what followes?
O that Monſieur *Miramont* would but keep his word.
Here were a feaſt to make him fat with laughter,
At the moſt 'tis not ſix minutes riding from his houſe,
Nor will he break I hope-----O are you come Sir?
The prey is in the net and will break in
Upon occaſion. *Mir.* Thou ſhalt rule me *Andrew*.
O th' infinite fright that will aſſaile this Gentleman!
The quarterns, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang like Sargeants on his worſhips ſhoulders!
The humiliation of the fleſh of this man!
This grave auſtere man will be wondred at.
How will thoſe ſolemne lookes appeare to me;
And that ſevere face, that ſpeak chaines and ſhackles?
Now I take him in the nick, ere I done with him,
He had better have ſtood between two panes of wainſcot,
And made his recantation in the market,
Than heare me conjure him. *And.* He muſt paſſe this way,
To th' onely bed I have, he comes, ſtand cloſe.

Bri. Well

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So.
Quick, quick, untruſs me; I will truſs and trounce thee;
Come Wench a kiſs between each point; kiſs cloſe;
It is a ſweet Parentheſis. *Lil.* Y' are merry Sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou ſhalt feele it,
Thou ſhalt my *Lilly*. *Lil.* Shall I aire your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, Ile uſe no warming pan but thine, Girle;
That's all; Come kiſs me again. *Lil.* Ha'ye done yet?
Bri. No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly*.
Shew me the way. *Lil.* You cannot miſſe it, Sir;
You ſhall have a Cawdle in the morning, for
Your worſhips breakfaſt. *Bri.* How, ith' morning. *Lilly*?
Th'art ſuch a wittie thing to draw me on.
Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th'haſt another Kickſhaw, I muſt taſt it.
Lil. T will make you ſurfet, I am tender of you:
Y'have all y'are like to have. *And.* And can this be earneſt?
Mir. it ſeemes ſo, and ſhe honeſt. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy promiſe *Lilly*? *Lil.* Yes and I have performed
Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,
And you ſhall find Sir, you have kiſt and tows'd me,
Handled my legg and foote, what would you more, Sir;?
As for the reſt, it requires youth and ſtrength,
And the labour in an old man would breed Agues,
Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you ſhall not curſe me,
For taking from you what you cannot ſpare, Sir:
Be good unto your ſelfe, y'ave tane alreadie
All you can take with eaſe; you are paſt threſhing,
It is a worke too boiſterous for you; leave
Such drudgerie to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How ſhe jeeres him?
Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his owne tillage,
Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a queane,
A ſcoffing jeering quean. *Lil.* It may be ſo, but
I'me ſure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri.* Doe not provoke me,
If thou do'ſt, Ile have my Farm againe, and turne

Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the will,
And want of honeſtie to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet I hope *Andrew* has got ſo much learning
From my young Maſter, as to keep his own;
At the worſt, Ile tell a ſhort tale to the Judges,
For what grave ends you ſign'd your Leaſe, and on
What termes you would revoke it. *Bri.* Whore thou dar'ſt not.
Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my bloud boiles,
As if t'were ore a furnace! *Mir.* I ſhall coole it.
Bri. Yet gentle *Llliy*, pitie and forgive me,
Ile be a friend t'ye, ſuch a loving bountiful frieud-----
Lil. To avoid ſuites in Law, I would grant a litle,
But ſhould fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become
Of me? *And.* A whore, a whore! *Bri.* Nothing but well Wench,
I will put ſuch a ſtrong bit in his mouth,
As thou ſhalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*:
Nay, he ſhall hold the doore, as I will worke him,
And thank thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed *Andrew*,
Theſe are ſhrewd temptations. *And.* Pray you know
Your Cue, and ſecond me Sir; By your Worſhips favour.
Bri. Andrew! *And.* I come in time to take poſſeſſion
Of th'office you aſſigne me; hold the doore,
Alas 'tis nothing for a ſimple man
To ſtay without when a deepe underſtanding
Holds conference within, ſay with his wife:
A trifle Sir, I know I hold my farme
In Cuckolds Tenure: you are Lord o'the ſoile Sir,
Lilly is a Weſt, a Straie, ſhee's yours, to uſe Sir,
I claime no intereſt in her. *Bri.* Art thou ſerious?
Speak honeſt *Andrew*, ſince thou haſt oreheard us,
And wink at ſmall faults, man; I'me but a pidler,
A little will ſerve my turne; thou'lt finde enough
When I've my belly full; *wilt* thou be private
And ſilent? *And.* By all meanes, Ile onely have
A Ballad made of't, ſung to ſome lewd Tune,

And the name of it ſhall be *Juſtice Trap*,
It will ſell rarely with your Worſhips name,
And *Lillies* on the top. *Bri.* Seek not the ruine
O' my reputation, *Andrew*. *And.* Tis for your credit,
Monſieur *Briſac* printed in capital letters,
Then paſted upon all the poſts in *Paris*.
Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*? *And.* O, it will proclaim you
From th' Citie to the Court, and prove ſport royal.
Bri. Thou ſhalt keep thy Farm. *Mir.* He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocriſie poll'd off
To the Judge criminal. *Bri.* O, I am undone.
And. Hee's put out of Commiſſion with diſgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing Office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this Ile put in practice. *Bri.* Doe but heare me.
And, To bring me back from my Grammer to my horne-book,
It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Do not play the Tyrant;
Accept of compoſition. *Lil.* Heare him, *Andrew*.
And. What compoſition? *Bri.* Ile confirme thy farme,
And add unto't an hundred acres more
Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,
But y'are ſo fickle: and will again denie this,
There being no witneſs by. *Bri.* Call any witneſs,
Ile preſently aſſure it. *And.* Say you ſo,
Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's paſt,
His teſtimonie will be authentical.
Bri. will he be ſecret? *And.* You may tye his tongue up.
As you would doe your purſe-ſtrings. *Br. Miramont. M.* Ha, Ha, Ha
And. this is my witneſs. Lord how you are troubled?
Sure, y'have an ague, you ſhake ſo with choler;
Hee's your loving brother Sir, and will tell no bodie
But all he meets, that you have eate a ſnake,
And are grown young, gameſom, and rampant. *Bri.* Caught thus?

And. If

And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravitie
Ridiculous to your neighbours, Then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I shall become
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters. *And.* Quick, *Lilly*, Quick,
Hee's now past kissing, between point and point.
He swounds, fetch him some Cordiall-------- Now put in Sir.
Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake:
Let me see his face, weares he not a false beard?
It cannot be *Brisac* that worthie Gentleman,
The pillar and the patron of his Countrie;
He is too prudent and too cautelous,
Experience hath taught him t'avoid these fooleries,
He is the punisher and not the doer,
Besides hee's old and cold, unfit for woman;
This is some Counterfit, he shall be whipt for't,
Some base abuser of my worthie brother.
Bri. Open the doores, will ye'imprison me? are ye my Judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious *Brisac*:
Yet now I think on't, a'has a kinde of dog looke
Like my brother, a guiltie hanging face.
Bri. Ile suffer bravely, doe your worst, doe, doe.
Mir. Why, it's manly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curse,
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,
But all the torments that ere fell on men,
That fed on mischeife, fall heavily on you all. *Exit.*
Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you
The better, *Lil.* *And.* Wee'l teach him to meddle with Scholars.
Mir. he shall make good his promise t'encrease thy Farm, *Andrew*
Or Ile jeere him to death, feare nothing *Lilly*,
I am thy Champion. This jeast goes to *Charles*,
And then Ile hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace*
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily
To see'm mourne together. *And.* Twill be rare, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

EUSTACE, EGREMONT. COWSY.

Turn'd out of doores and baffled! *Egre.* We ſhare with you
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you
With ſuch dejection. *Euſt.* My Coach and horſes made
The ranſome of our cowardize. *Lew. Cow.* Piſh, that's nothing,
Tis *Damnum reparabile*, and ſoone recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a ſuitor with falſe hopes,
And after ſqueeze him with a dozen of oathes.
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.
Euſt. And does the Court that ſhould be the example
And Oracle of the Kingdome, read to us
No other doctrine! *Egre.* None that thrives ſo well
As that, within my knowledge. *Cow.* Flatterie rubbes out,
But ſince great men learne to admire themſelves,
Tis ſomething creſt-falne. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a ſubtle moral underſtanding,
And it is often cheriſht. *Euſt.* Pietie then,
And valour, nor to doe nor ſuffer wrong,
Are they no vertues? *Egre.* Rather vices, *Euſtace*;
Fighting! What's fighting? It may be in faſhion,
Among Provant ſwords, and buffe-jerkin men:
But w'us that ſwim in choiſe of ſilkes and Tiſſues;
Though in defence of that word reputation,
Which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing,
To loſe a dram of blood muſt needs appeare
As coarſe as to be honeſt. *Euſt.* and all this
You ſeriouſly beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,
That we will die in, ſince from the black guard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other Tenets. *Euſt.* Mow my eyes are open,

And I behold a ſtrong neceſſity
That keepes me knave and coward. *Cow.* Y'are the wiſer.
Euſt. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpoſe
To be of your ſociety. *Egre.* By no meanes.
Euſt. Honour is nothing with you? *Cow.* A meere bubble,
For what's growne common, is no more regarded.
Euſt. My ſword forc'd from me too, and ſtill detain'd,
You think 's no blemiſh. *Egre.* Get me a battoone?
Tis twenty times more courtlike, and leſs trouble.
Euſt. And yet you weare a ſword. *Cow.* Yes, and a good one,
A Millan hilt, and a Damaſco blade,
For ornament, no uſe the Court allowes it.
Euſt. Wil't not fight of it ſelfe? *Cow.* I nere tri'd this,
Yet I have worne as faire as any man,
I'me ſure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
For ſeveral weapons, Turkiſh and Toledo's,
Two thouſand Crownes, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Euſt.* Ile borrow this,
I like it well. *Cow.* Tis at your ſervice Sir,
A lath in a velvet ſcabbard will ſerve my turne.
Euſt. And now I have it leave me; y'are infectious,
The plague and leproſie of your baſeneſs ſpreading
On all that doe come neere you; ſuch as you
Render the Throne of Majeſty, the Court
Suſpected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's
That batten in her dung, and have no pallats
To taſte her curious viands, and like Owles
Can onely ſee her night deformities,
But with the glorious ſplendor of her beauties
You are ſtruck blinde as Moles, that undermine
The ſumptuous building that allow'd you ſhelter,
You ſtick like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureneſs of her native candor,
And being bad ſervants, cauſe your maſters goodneſs
To be diſputed of; you make the Court

That is the abſtract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble undertakings,
(Where courage ſits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel,
And wiſedome loaded with the weight of honour)
A Schoole of vices. *Egre.* What ſudden rapture's this?
Euſt. A heavenly one that raiſing me from ſloth and ignorance,
(In which your converſation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the aire of action,
And knowledge of my ſelfe; even now I feele
But pleading onely in the Courts defence,
(Though fare ſhort of her merits and bright luſtre)
A happy alteration, and full ſtrength
To ſtand her Champion againſt all the world,
That throw aſperſions on her. *Cow.* Sure hee'l beat us,
I ſee it in his eyes. *Egre.* A ſecond *Charles*;
Pray look not Sir ſo furiouſly. *Euſt.* Recant
What you have ſaid, ye Mungrils, and licke up
The vomit you have caſt upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,
And ſweare that you like Spiders, have made poyſon
Of that which was a ſaving antidote.
Egre. VVe will ſweare any thing. *Cow.* VVe honour the Court
As a moſt ſacred place. *Egre.* And will make oath,
If you enjoyne us to't, nor knave nor fool,
Nor Coward living in it. *Euſt.* Except you two,
You Raſcals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all theſe, and more,
If you will have it ſo. *Euſt.* And that until
You are againe reform'd and growne new men,
You nere preſume to name the Court, or preſſe
Into the Porters Lodge but for a penance,
To be diſciplin'd for your roguery, and this done
With true contrition. *Both.* Yes Sir. *Euſt.* You againe
May eat ſcraps and be thankful. *Cow.* Here's a cold breakfaſt
After a ſharpe nights walking. *Euſt.* Keepe your oathes,
And without grumbling vaniſh. *Both.* We are gone, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Euſt. May

Euſt. May all the poorenesse of my ſpirit goe with you,
The fetters of my thraldome are filed off:
And I at libertie to right my ſelfe,
And though my hope in *Angellina's* little,
My honour (unto which compar'd ſhee's nothing)
Shall like the Sun diſperſe thoſe lowring Clouds
That yet obſcure and dimme it; not the name
Of brother ſhall divert me, but from him,
That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,
I will ſeek reparation, and call him
Unto a ſtrict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,
And if the Muſes friend roſe-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this ſolitary grove,
As I much hope ſhe will, he ſeldome miſſing
To pay his vowes here to her, I ſhall hazard
To hinder his devotions——The doore opens——*Enter Charles;*
Tis he moſt certain, and by's ſide my ſword,
Bleſt opportunity. *Cha.* I have oreſlept my ſelfe,
And loſt part of the morne, but Ile recover it:
Before I went to bed, I wrote ſome notes
Within my table-book, which I will now conſider.
Ha! What meanes this? What do I with a ſword?
Learn'd *Mercurie* needs not th' aide of *Mars*, and innocence
Is to it ſelfe a guard, yet ſince armes ever
Protect arts, I may juſtly weare and uſe it;
For ſince't was made my prize, I know not how
I'me growne in love with't, and cannot eate nor ſtudy,
And much leſſe walke without it: but I trifle,
Matters of more weight ask my judgement. *Euſt.* Now Sir,
Treate of no other Theme, Ile keep you to it,
And ſee y'expound it well. *Cha. Euſtace!* *Euſt.* The ſame Sir,
Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doores) attended,
To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cha.* This not in ſcorne,
Commands me to returne it; Would you ought elſe?

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin;
I must speak to you in another straine,
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language
Appeare in the delivery rough and harsh,
You (being my Tutor) must condemne your selfe,
From whom I learn'd it. *Cha.* When I understand
(Bee't in what stile you please) what's your demand,
I shall endeavonr in the self same phrase
To make an answer to the point. *Eust.* I come not
To lay claime to your birthright, 'tis your owne,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor ask I from you
Your learning and deepe knowledge; (though I am not
A Schollar as you are) I know them Diamonds
By your sole industry, patience and labour
Forc'd from steepe rocks, and with much toile attended,
And but to few that prize their value granted,
And therefore without rival freely weare them,
Cha. These not repin'd at (as you seeme t'informe me)
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yeeld to't; therefore *Eustace*,
Without this tempest in your lookes propound it,
And feare not a denial. *Eust.* I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man the honour,
Not by a faire war wonne when I was waking,
But in my sleepe of folly ravish'd from me;
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,
My Coach, my Horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one haire of them, and what concludes all,
My Mistress *Angellina*, as she was
Before the Musical Magick of thy tongue
Inchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publiquely,
At my fathers and my Uucles intercession,

(That

(That I put in too) I perhaps may liſten
To termes of reconcilement; but if theſe
In every circumſtance are not ſubſcrib'd to,
To th'laſt gaſp I defie thee. *Cha.* Theſe are ſtrict
Conditions to a brother. *Euſt.* My reſt is up,
Nor will I give leſs. *Cha.* I'me no Gameſter, *Euſtace*,
Yet I can gueſſe your reſolution ſtands
To win or looſe all; I rejoyce to find ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You underſtand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by your ſelfe, and made
Almoſt incurable, in your owne hopes,
The dead fleſh of pale cowardiſe growing over
Your feſtred reputation, which no balme
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,
And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon
That did apply thoſe burning corroſives
That render you already ſenſible
O th'danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you,
And by a faire gradation, how fare,
And with what curious reſpect and care
The peace and credit of a man within,
(Which you nere thought till now) ſhould be preferr'd
Before a gawdy outſide; pray you fix here,
For ſo farre I go with you. *Euſt.* This diſcourſe
Is from the ſubject. *Cha.* Ile come to it brother,
But if you think to build upon my ruines,
You'l find a falſe foundation your high offers
Taught by the Maſters of dependancies,
That by compounding differences 'tween others
Supply their owne neceſſities, with me
Will never carry 't; As you are my brother,
I would diſpence a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor muſt I
Deſtroy that in my ſelfe I love in you;

And therefore let not hopes nor threats perſwade you
I will deſcend to any compoſition
For which I may be cenſur'd. *Euſt.* You ſhall fight then.
Cha. With much unwillingneſs with you, but if
There's no evaſion------*Euſt.* None. *Cha.* Heare yet a word,
As for the ſword and other fripperies,
In a faire way ſend for them, yon ſhall have 'em.
But rather than ſurrender *Angellina*,
Or heare it againe mention'd, I oppoſe
My breaſt unto lowd thunder, caſt behinde me
All ties of Nature. *Euſt.* She detain'd, I'me deafe
To all perſwaſion. *Cha.* Guard thy ſelfe then *Euſtace*,
I uſe no other Rhetorick. *Mir.* Claſhing of ſwords {*Enter.*}
So neere my houſe? brother oppo'd to brother! {*Miram.*}
Here is no fencing at halfe ſword; hold, hold,
Charles, *Euſtace*. *Euſt.* Second him, or call in more helpe.
Come not betweene us, Ile not know nor ſpare you;
D'ye fight by th'booke? *Cha.* Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,
And ſuddenly, Ile conjure down the Spirit
That I have raiſed in him. *Euſt.* Never, *Charles*,
Tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'me out of breath, yet truſt not too much to't boyes,
For if you pawſe not ſuddenly, and heare reaſon,
Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,
And not a cholerick old teaſty foole,
Like your father, Ide daunce a matachin with you,
Should make you ſweat your beſt blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will, *Charles* I command thee,
And *Euſtace* I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark,
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
Ile cheriſh him for example; in our age
Th'are not born every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,
In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,
'Twas when yong *Euſtace* wore his heart in's breeches,

And fought his battailes in Complements and Cringes,
When's underſtanding wav'd iu a flaunting feather,
And his beſt contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-faſhion'd doublet, I confeſs then
The lofty noiſe your Greek made onely pleas'd me;
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
Nay the whole dozen of peeres are bound up in him:
Let me remember, when I was of his yeeres,
I did looke very like him; and did you ſee
My picture as I was then, you would ſweare
That gallant *Euſtace* (I meane, now he dares fight)
Was the true ſubſtance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger, you ſhall have enough *Charles*.
Cha. Sure Sir, I ſhall not need addition from him.
Euſt. Nor I from any, this ſhall decide my intereſt,
Though I am loſt to all deſerving men,
To all that men call good, for ſuffering tamely
Inſufferable wrongs, and juſtly ſlighted
By yeelding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a ſtranger
Unto my fathers houſe and favour, orewhelm'd
With all diſgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force my ſelfe a fortune, though my birth
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Seek not *Euſtace*,
By violence, what will be offerd to you
On eaſier compoſition; though I was not
Allied unto your weakneſs, you ſhall find me
A brother to your bravery of ſpirit,
And one that not compell'd to't by your ſword,
(Which I muſt never feare) will ſhare with you
In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly ſaid *Charles*,
And learne from my experience, you may heare reaſon
And never maime your fighting; for your credit
VVhich you think you have loſt, ſpare, *Charles*, and ſwinge me,
And ſoundly; three or foure walking velvet cloakes

That

That weare no ſwords to guard 'em, yet deſerve it,
Thou art made up againe. *Euſt.* All this is lip-ſalve.
Mir. It ſhall be Hearts-eaſe, *Euſtace*, ere I've done;
As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar ſt fight,
Nere feare't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Faſt in a ſtring, I will ſo pinch and wring him,
That ſpight of his authority, thou ſhalt make
Thine owne conditions with him. *Euſt.* Ile take leave
A little to conſider. *Cha.* Here comes *Andrew*.
Mir. But without his Comical and learned face;
What ſad diſaſter, *Andrew? And.* You may read Sir,
A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earneſt?
And. Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you help not,
And ſpeedily by force or by perſuaſion,
My good old Maſter (for now I pitie him) is
Ruin'd for ever. *Cha.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.
Mir. By what meanes? ſpeake. *And.* At the ſuit of Monſieur *Lewis*
His houſe is ſeiz'd upon, and he in perſon
Is under guard, (I ſaw it with theſe eyes *Sir*)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there ſentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jeſting. *Cha.* Doe I live,
And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what's worſe Sir,
My Lady *Angellina*------*Euſt.* What of her?
And. Shee's carryed away too. *Mir.* How? *And.* While you were abſent,
A crew of Monſieur *Lewis* friends and kinſmen
By force break in at th'back part of the houſe,
And took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew*,
(As this can witneſs for him) did his beſt,
In her defence, but 'twould not doe. *Mir.* Away,
And ſee our horſes ſadled, 'tis no time
To talke, but doe: *Euſtace*, you now are offer'd
A ſpatious field, and in a pious war
To exerciſe you valour, here's a cauſe,

And ſuch a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name
Commanding it; but theſe unnatural jarres
Ariſing betweene brothers (ſhould you proſper)
Would ſhame your victorie. *Euſt.* I would doe much Sir,
But ſtill my reputation! *Mir. Charles* ſhall give you
All decent ſatisfaction; nay joyne hands,
And heartily; why this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cauſe that concerns
The honour of our family, Monſieur *Lewis*
(If reaſon cannot work) ſhall find and feele
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.
Euſt. And if I follow not, a Cowards name
Be branded on my forehead. *Cha.* This Spirit makes you
A ſharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Briſac* once freed, and *Angellina*
Again in our poſſeſſion) you ſhall know
My heart ſpeakes in my tongue. *Euſt.* I dare not doubt it, Sir.
Exeunt.

Actus V. *Scæna* II.

Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, *Officers.*

Lew. I'me deafe to all perſwaſions. *Bri.* I uſe none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence ſuffers,
But when the King ſhall underſtand how falſe
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in juſtice
Muſt ſet me right againe. *Ang.* Sir, let not paſſion
So fare tranſport you as to think in reaſon,
This violent courſe repaires, but ruins it;
That honour you would build up, you deſtroy;
What you would ſeeme to nouriſh, if reſpect
Of my preferment or my patern
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why doe you, now good fortune has provided

A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, ſtrive to robb me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective Sir?
Unleſs deep learning be a blemiſh in him,
Or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in Nature,
Or what you onely aim'd at, large revenewes
Are on the ſudden growne diſtaſtful to you,
Of what can you accuſe him? *Lew.* Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous luſt
Made the conſent to. *Syl.* Her luſt! you are her father.
Lew. And you her Bawd. *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, 'tis falſe,
The pureneſs of her chaſte thoughts entertains not
Such ſpotted inſtruments. *Ang.* As I have a ſoule Sir.
Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to ſit downe
With this diſgrace, would argue me a Peaſant,
And not borne noble: all rigour that the Law
And that encreaſe of power by favour yeelds,
Shall be with all ſeverity inflicted;
You have the Kings hand for't; no Bayle will ſerve,
And therefore at your perils Officers, away with 'em.
Bri. This is madneſs. *Lew.* Tell me ſo in open Court,
And there Ile anſwer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken; { *Enter Mir.* *Chor. Euſt.* *Andrew.*
Cha. Ill if they dare reſiſt. *Euſt.* He that advances
But one ſtep forward dies. *L.* Shew the Kings Writ.
Mir. Shew your diſcretion, 'twil become you better.
Cha. Y'are once more in my power, and if againe
I part with you, let me for ever loſe thee.
Euſt. Force will not do't nor threats; accept this ſervice
From your deſpair'd of *Euſtace*. *And.* And beware
Your reverend Worſhip never more attempt
To ſearch my *Lilly-pot*, you ſee what followes.
Lew. Is the Kings power contemn'd? *Mir.* No, but the torrent
O'your wilful folly ſtopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you would but be ſenſible, what can you wiſh
But the ſatisfaction of an obſtinate Will.

That

That is not indear'd to you? rather than
Be croſs'd in what you purpos'd, you'l undoe
Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,
And your old fooliſh neighbour; make your ſtates,
And in a ſuite not worth a Cardecue,
A prey to advocates, and their buckram Scribes,
And after they have plum'd ye, returne home
Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.
Cha. This is a moſt ſtrong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monſieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,
But when our follies are repell'd by reaſon,
Tis fit that we retreat and nere come on more:
Obſerve my learned *Charles*, hee'l get thee a Nephew
On *Angellina* ſhall diſpute in her belly,
And ſuck the Nurſe by Logick: and here's *Euſtace*,
He was an aſſe, but now is grown an *Amadis*;
Nor ſhall he want a Wife, if all my land
For a joynture can effect it: Y'are a good Lord,
And of a gentle nature, in your lookes
Hee a kinde conſent, and it ſhewes lovely:
And doe you heare old Fooſe? but Ile not chide,
Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meere beleefe is excellent, 'twill ſave you;
And next love valour, though you dare not fight
Your ſelfe, or fright a fooliſh Officer, 'young *Euſtace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farm b' encreas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and ſee you rut no more,
You underſtand me, So embrace on all ſides;
Ile pay thoſe Billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preſerve you ſtill our friends.——*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

TIs no the hands, or ſmiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-lik'd Play,
VVe onely hope; But that you freely would
To the Authour's memory, ſo farre unfold,
And ſhew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praiſe, but often ſeeing it;
That being the grand aſſurance that can give
The Poet and the Player meanes to live.

FINIS.